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STUDENT'S PEN



MARCH
'47

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Angela Lonta
1947

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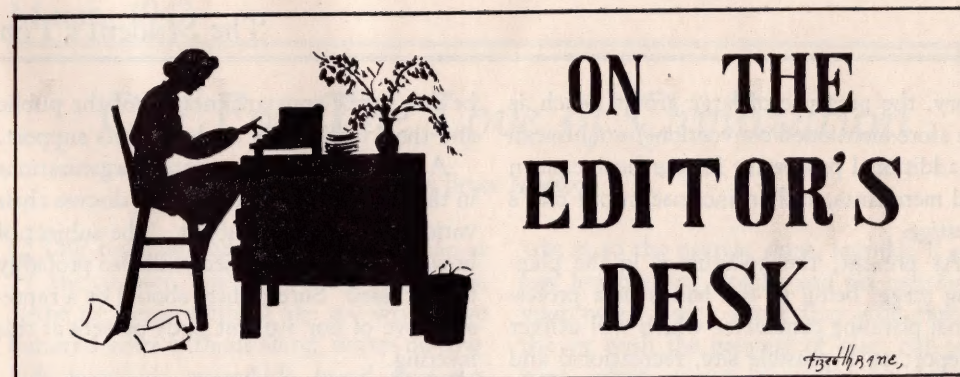


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KING WINTER REIGNS



Pittsfield's Proposed Coliseum

By Janet Clark

THE question of a suitable memorial to our World War II dead has been under discussion for some time and has now reached the point where a group of public-minded citizens propose as a tribute the erection of a sports coliseum.

Pittsfield has long needed an edifice suitable for large public gatherings, and this proposal of the steering committee should evoke general interest. Every wide-awake citizen will have a decided viewpoint on this subject. For this reason a poll of some P. H. S. students has been taken to determine their opinion on the subject. Their replies have been overwhelmingly in favor of the plan—a natural reaction when we acknowledge the inadequacy of the facilities that the Armory presents to a student body eager to cheer on its basketball team at every game, but unable to do so because of insufficient seating capacity.

We students are well aware of the need for a sports arena, but this is hardly the place for our thinking to stop. These questions arise: first, do we realize the full value that would be derived from this coliseum which, far

from being merely a sports arena, would have facilities for many other activities as well? Second, comprehending the full advantages of the building, would we as students do our part, if called upon to support this project?

Some Pittsfield citizens already condemn this coliseum because they fear it will largely be delegated to sports. Sports, however, are only a part of the activities planned, as the steering committee, the prominent citizens who are organizing this movement, will hasten to aver.

Besides numerous sports facilities, this building would also include facilities for seating large numbers of people; for example, those attending conventions or concerts. This would indeed be a boon to a city whose sole place of assembly is the P. H. S. auditorium, which, we all know, barely accommodates its own students.

The benefits that would be derived from such a coliseum are infinite—a building where equal accommodations, both athletic and cultural, would be provided for small children, high school students, and adults alike. Besides a general benefit to our citi-

zenry, the presence of large groups (such as the afore-mentioned conventions) would mean an additional prosperity for our businessmen and merchants, and an increase in our city's prestige.

At present, the coliseum is in the planning stage, being in the hands of a professional planning committee which will deliver a report on a possible site, recreational and cultural facilities, seating capacity, finances, and other details.

If this movement becomes a reality, it will

be due to the constant interest of the public and their willingness to share in its support.

A meeting of all interested organizations in the city will soon be called to discuss their various ideas on the subject. The subject of how to finance this project will also probably be discussed. Surely there should be a representative of our student body present at this meeting.

Then and in the future will be our chance. Our full support is needed. Can it be counted on?

Vocational Views

By Arnold B. Arrowitz

A COLLEGE education is a wonderful thing to have. This statement no one can deny, but a college education is not essential for success. I saw recently in an advertisement of the General Electric Company an interesting statement, "Everyone talks about the weather, but only Vincent Schaefer does anything about it." Mr. Schaefer, a distinguished G.E. scientist, recently thrilled the world by producing a snow storm, visible for fifty miles, over Mt. Greylock. A wonderful achievement indeed, but the most remarkable phenomenon in this situation is the fact that Mr. Schaefer never went to college for his scientific background.

Yes, a college education is a marvelous asset. Time and time again, however, men have graduated from college only to become a carpenter's assistant or a plumber's helper, while the carpenter and plumber they work for have only high school diplomas. Because a college education seems glamorous, good tool-makers, machinists, and welders become low rated doctors and lawyers. If the present trends continue everyone will want an office of his own, but there will be no one to build these offices.

What qualifications must a person possess

to be a success in the world? Is wealth essential? Must he have an education, influence, or possibly ability? When we reach high school, many such questions come to our minds, for we realize that very shortly we shall be forced to leave school and venture out on our own.

The money factor enters into everyone's future, unfortunately. A kind parent might say, "I'd like to send my boy to college, but I just can't afford it." It is a truism that the doors of most of our colleges are open, not to ability, but to money. The poor boy is likely to find himself on the outside, for scholarship aid is seldom generous enough to finance a college education. Many can not go to college because of numerous other reasons, the most important being interest. John Jones is an intelligent young man. He receives high grades in all of his studies, but he detests books. John would much rather tinker about with machines and tools.

John is fortunate to be living in Pittsfield, where he may attend the Pittsfield Vocational School. To many, this is no honor, but to the person who glories in the fact that he has completed, with his own hands, some article or job, the privilege of attending the school is a priceless one.

Oh! For The Love of Civilization

By Bruce Mattoon

STEP right up, folks," shouted the man at the counter, "see the wonder of the ages, —the jet pen,—nothing like it—writes two hundred years without filling, writes on cowhide, horsehide, mousehide, bread, fly-paper, or any other type of surface. In fact, it even writes on the moon! Take one on your first rocket trip! Confidentially, folks, it does everything except write on paper."

So it goes. Everyday you see depicted in the magazines some new and crazy contraption, designed to make living easier though it really makes life more complicated. Truly this is a remarkable age. Only a few days ago I was scanning a current issue of a literary magazine when my eyes fell upon a double spread advertisement of an instrument which, to my untutored gaze, appeared to be a new phonograph. But it was nothing of the sort. Bold face type urged the reader to, "Speak your letters instead of writing them. For the low price of \$49.98 you can now place a paper disc on a turntable, speak into a small instrument which records your words, pick up and fold the disc, and send it through the mail to your friends."

Just imagine their surprise when they tear open the envelope and discover a piece of paper with no writing upon it; and imagine their still greater surprise when they play the disc and hear your voice coming from it (hear, that is, if they own a phonograph). If they have a little Scotch (nationality, of course) in their veins, all they have to do is take a rag, wipe the disc clean, and use it over again for their own letters,—provided they have forty-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents, with which to purchase one of these recording machines.

Nor is this contrivance the only eccentric wonder of the twentieth century. We have man-made snow (purchase a bag of dry ice,

take it to the nearest slope, sprinkle it on a few low-hanging clouds, and ski merrily on your way); flying autos that soar through the air with the greatest of ease; ball-point pens, which persist in making handwriting less and less legible; television, automobile telephones (as if drivers weren't sufficiently distracted as it is) and, wonder of wonders, we have John L. Lewis! Yes, it's a rather crazy country, these United States, but perhaps, that's why we like it so much.

THE ABANDONED FARM

By Earl Sutor, Jr.

The bordering walls had settled low,
The fences guarded naught.
All roads and paths, now long untrod,
For their existence fought.

The fields, untilled for many years,
Were now waist deep in brush.
And over all the gloomy land,
There lay a dreary hush.

The yard was rough and overgrown,
The orchards bore no fruit;
And from an elm, before the house,
The lonely owls hoot

The farmhouse was an empty shell,
Where nature roamed at will.
The barn had burned decades ago;
Charred timbers lay there still.

The scene was mournful, lonesome, sad,
With not a soul in sight,
And I was glad that home was near—
And that the moon was bright!

Household Pests

By Arlene Cohen

IT's funny how commonplace things like electric lights, telephones, doorbells and the like can cause no end of annoyance. Even our refrigerator standing majestically in its corner is an offender in this respect. It never fails when the house is serenely quiet to let out a mournful groan, disturbing the tranquillity. It is then that the refrigerator makes known to all that it is working. When I arrive home and shout at the top of my voice, "Is anybody home?", the first voice to greet me is that low mournful one from the kitchen. I know at once that the refrigerator is on the job. Nights when I am home alone and would be thankful for that companionable bit of sound, the refrigerator "shuts off". The house immediately takes on a sinister atmosphere as it is enveloped in a nerve-wracking silence. I sit wondering, waiting for that hum which was once so annoying to begin again. What a temperamental object.

The doorbell is a close second to the refrigerator. It rings when I don't want it to and vice versa. When I'm busy it especially enjoys taunting me. It has one chime for the back door and two for the front, but since I never had counted the chimes, I was always running to the wrong door. One day it was particularly aggravating. The bell rang, so I instinctively rushed to the front door. Wrong one. I rushed to the back, while the bell kept up its impatient reiteration. I flung the door open, lost my balance, stepped on the eggs, and fell over the groceries. Looking down on me, the impatient grocery man demanded, "Didn't you hear the bell?"

I have always counted the chimes since then.

The bell has another prank which it seems to revel in. Every so often it sticks and would ring until eternity if someone did not fix it. That someone is usually me. Don't stand in

awe if on some winter's night when the moonlit snow lies heavily upon the ground, you chance to see me huddled in the corner, match in one hand, knife clutched in the other, trying to fix the family torment—the doorbell.

And then there's the alarm clock. Now, that's quite an invention. When dawn drives its chariot across the pale pink and gold sky, blending it into the azure blue which kisses the mountain tops, one does not hear the soft murmur of the swaying trees; one does not thrill to the melodious voice of the cheery bluebird. At that moment one hears only the shrill tones of the alarm clock sounding like a million bugles blasting in your ear. With an angry hand you reach for the clock and stop that infernal ringing. Then in desperation you try smothering your wrath beneath a mound of blankets. If you are one of those lucky people who do not have an alarm clock, you are probably one of those who can hear a neighbor laboriously shoveling his walk or starting his motorcycle at six o'clock in the morning. Which is worse? I do not know.

Then there's the electric garbage disposal unit commonly referred to by the family as "the pig". "The pig" is really a wonderful invention. But when I am trying to listen to Percy and solve for $2x-y$ at the same time, its thunderous groan is, to say the least, disturbing. It sounds like a small volcano ready to erupt, that is, when it is fed meat. When we give it orange peels it moans; when we give it bones, it growls; but when we give it fish it murmurs in joyful contentment. What a "pig!"

One day company was in the house when "the pig" was "eating"—"eating" bones and meat, no less. Upon inquiring about that strange, rumbling noise, our guests learned

that it was just "the pig" being "fed". I have never forgotten their faces. They looked at me in amazement—but no, it couldn't be—I was in the room with them. Each and every countenance reflected astonishment, disbelief, and then curiosity. One of the ladies whom I rather disliked, haughtily put down her tea cup, arched her eyebrows to meet the bright green feather in her hat, and purred in a supercilious tone, "Well, I guess the pig had

too much to eat." With that she pranced arrogantly out of the room, her skirt flouncing and her bright green feather waving a superior farewell.

"The pig" has not recently caused much excitement at home, although I must admit it's really something when the groan of the refrigerator joins the moan of "the pig", letting the house resound with the sonorous strains of their nightly duet.

Prelude To Spring

By Ruth E. McKean

ANY time 'long about now there's likely to come one of those indescribably perfect days. To call it March weather—March with its bold, blustery winds—is a great injustice. To call it spring is being, even to the most optimistic, a bit too hopeful.

You notice that the morning begins with a new warmth, different from that of the proverbial January thaw. And as you reluctantly start for school, you envy the cheerful sparrows, free all day to soak up the welcome sunshine. The starlings, too, that have been silent all winter, do their best in their shrill way to make up for the lack of other bird voices. They remind you that it's almost time for a first glimpse of some adventurous robin.

At school the rooms suddenly become unbearably stuffy. Everyone clamors for open windows and then, once they're open, asks again and again to have them still wider.

You walk lazily home noticing that the sky has become an almost summer blue and that the many little puddles and streams have taken on the same clear shade. The drip, drip of icicles is now a cheery sound. And the wind, though still chill from snowy hills, has a friendlier touch. In sheltered corners, fresh, clean earth is beginning to show. It smells good. Here and there a few green shoots give evidence of the mysterious change going on

below the brown carpet. Soon, the next day perhaps, this brown may once more be changed to white. Old Man Winter may again flaunt his power. But now we ask ourselves with growing certainty—"Can spring be far behind?"



SHAMROCKS

By Myrtle Youngs

The shamrock shows its leaves of green
In lovely Ireland,
By river, lake, or mountain stream,
Or on a meadow grand.

Although it's loved by millions
In lands both east and west,
The soil of little Ireland
Is the place it grows the best.

Three leaves in one—a Trinity
St. Patrick made it plain;
And down through all the ages
The lesson will remain.

Corridor Blues

By Earl Suitor, Jr.

BUZZ! That's the second buzzer. Up and down the corridors door handles turn simultaneously. The doors fly open, slam back against the walls, and from each room pours out an army of civilized (?) young men and women. But the sad part of it all is that as soon as they step into the corridors, they are, or rather, the majority are, no longer civilized. Instead, they become a gang of characters quite different from the peaceful, studious individuals who a few moments before sat quietly in their classrooms. They become a definite menace to society.

I have compiled here a sort of "rogue's gallery" of some of these menaces.

To start off with, on every corridor there always are some "Harry Hotshots". They are the fellows who can be heard above the general uproar shouting some clever phrase. They think its clever, anyway! "Hey Tony, how many baskets did you make last night? None! Haw, Haw, Haw."

Closely akin to Harry is "Horace Horseplay." Oh, but doesn't Horace just love to whack one of his school-mates on the back and poke him in the ribs. But don't poke him back. A teacher is sure to see you do it, and they don't usually believe in the "blow for a blow" method. Besides, Horace doesn't like to get hit back.

Linked arm in arm are the inseparable "Sally Slowfoots". They gab and giggle, giggle and gab, progressing about three inches a minute down the corridor. Try to pass them on the left and they quickly shift over in front of you; to the right, and they are there, too. The only way to get past them is to wait patiently for an opening and then dash through like mad.

Scattered strategically along the corridor, in just the right places to best block your way, are "Dick and Doris Derelict". You know

them, that dreamy-eyed couple who see and hear nothing but themselves. Although I have nothing against their mooning, I do wish they would not cause such a traffic jam!

Now, from what I have written thus far you might think that everyone traversing the halls was slow. On the contrary! Let me introduce to you "Sprinting Sam". How anyone could want to run to class is beyond me, but Sam wants to. All you will see of him is a wavy blur, weaving in and out, under and over, through and around his fellow students. He may be sharp on the track team, but believe me, watch out for him on the corridor.

Well, there you have it, my "rogue's gallery". Oh, I am not saying that this line-up is complete. There are many more, and you all know them well. Perhaps you are one of them. Perhaps you are a victim of one or more of them. But next time you step into the hall of your alma mater, just see how many of them you meet. Quite a few, aren't there?

CHUCKLES

Mr. Gorman (explaining the difference between a sousaphone and a tuba): "Now, when playing a sousaphone you put it on your knee and play it by using your hands and mouth. When playing a tuba you put it on your knee and put your arms around it..."

Carol (to Marcia Weller): "You should speak better English."

Marcia: "Why? I already speak *weller* English."

Kilroy is getting fancy now. It seems that he now signs:

"Kilroyus erat hic." He must have spoken to Miss Rhodes.

THE INVINCIBLE

By Alma Rosenfield

A signal name, a lofty face,
By clutching greed can be beguiled;
But naught of Nature's flawless grace
Can be defiled.

Before me now my eyes survey
Sublime the hills that rabid fume
Has never rocked or caused to sway
Nor could consume.

Neither man's pain nor lasting rue
Can grasp the brooks as they flow by,
Or hold in bonds the peerless blue
That is our sky.

Only God's hand can cover still
The world with white or green or grey.
The hills, the brooks, man cannot kill
Or lead astray.

I feel beneath my feet the grass;
I see above my head the sky;
And though all other things may pass,
These do not die.

I do not envy kings their gold
Nor all great men fame's slow ascent.
I have earth's grandeur to behold;
I am content.

About my fire there is no dearth
Of laughter, and my joys ne'er cease.
My corner of this sanguine earth
Is filled with peace.

I hunger not for rule supreme
To bring mankind beneath my sway.
I live but for the tranquil gleam
Of every day.

And when, at last, age ends all strife
And on this earth I've done my best,
The clement soil which gave me life
Shall send me rest.



THE SKIERS

By Myrtle Youngs

Speeding down the twisting trail
Still faster now they go,
Leaning this way, turning that,
They skim across the snow.

Leaping over the whitened ground,
They quickly pass us by.
Leaving but the powdered snow
As round the bend they fly.

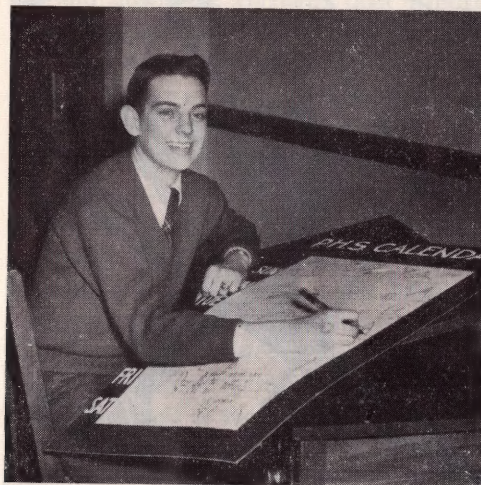
Watch them sailing down the hill
Into the valley white;
They dip behind a distant rise
And vanish from our sight.

Who's Who



March, 1947

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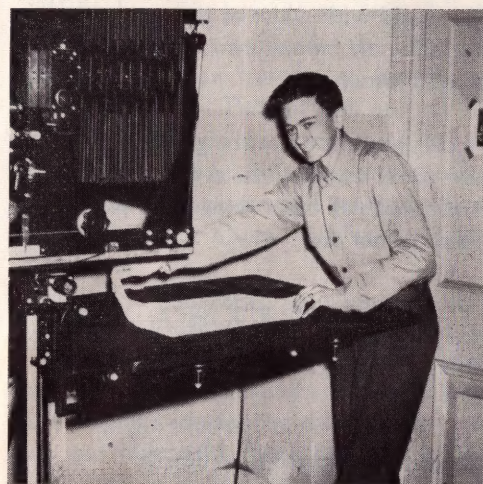
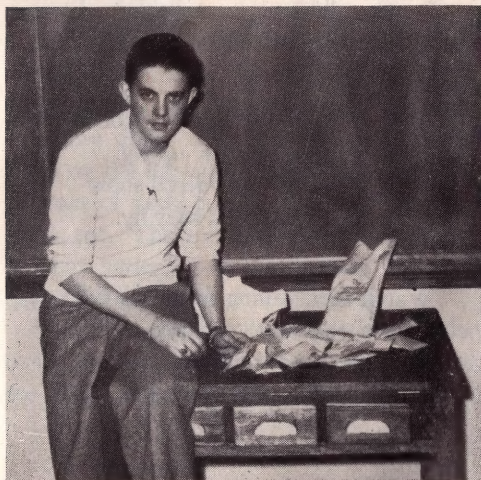


TALENTED SENIOR

Bruce is one of the busiest seniors in P. H. S. He is a member of the Motion Picture Club, STUDENT'S PEN, and was also the chairman of operetta publicity. Bruce also draws the Student's Calendar, which appears every month on the first floor bulletin board. He plans to be a commercial artist. Probably he'd like to sketch one of Vargas' models. Good luck, Bruce Mattoon!

VOICE OF VOCATIONAL

Students! Meet Arnold Arrowitz, Vocational Editor of THE PEN. This is the boy who stirred up so much discussion a month ago with his article on the relative merits of College Prep vs. Vocational training. Really though, he's not a bit aggressive; he has a pleasant disposition, no pet peeves, and lots of friends. His ambition? To have a business of his own.



ENERGY PLUS

That energetic senior who rushes through the halls with papers flying is none other than John Williams, chairman of the Ring Committee, secretary of Senior Hi-Y, and chairman of the Host Committee for Oasis. Aside from these activities John's favorite pastimes are swimming, eating spaghetti and meat balls, and going to fourth period class. His future plans? Well, he hopes to be a doctor and so he's headed for Albany Medical School.

BLONDE BOMBER

Here, fellow-students, is Lillian Torrero, better known to her friends as "Blondie". This peppy senior is the author of many entertaining stories and poems which most of us have read in THE PEN. Her favorite food is ravioli (Italian, you know!) and as for sports, softball rates high. Some of her pastimes are dancing, drawing, and writing. "Blondie" hopes to be a secretary when she graduates. The best of luck to you!

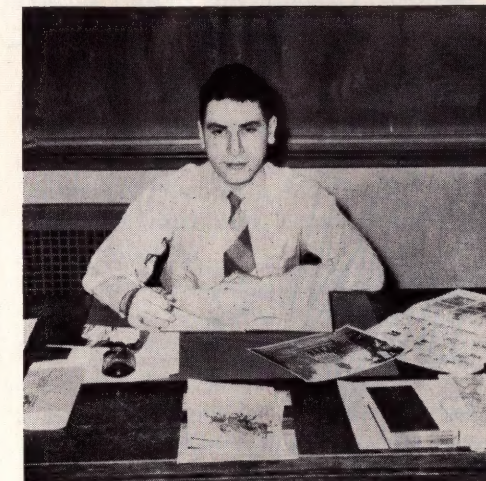


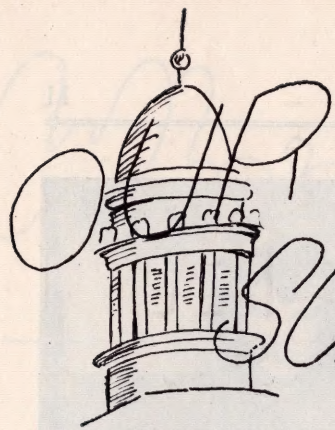
HIGH-FLIER

Hi, everyone! Here is our up-and-coming little sophomore, Verne Goodwin. This popular young man caught the sport spotlight by winning the cross-country, slalom, and jumping contests in the recent Berkshire Interscholastic Ski Meet. Verne can't think of a better way to spend his spare time than by hunting, fishing and camping, and although most of his thoughts are on sports in general, he has hopes of becoming an electrical engineer in the not-too-distant future.

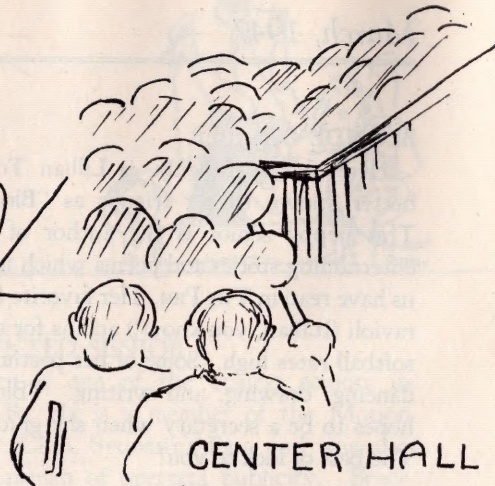
LITTLE GIANT

Here is one of our littlest seniors with the biggest of responsibilities, Chairman of the Yearbook, Nicholas Mele. Being a successful editor is his chief aim at present, but getting an "A" in U. S. History runs a close second. Favorite food is filet mignon; favorite sport, baseball; and favorite girl,—well, he's not telling. He plans to graduate from Boston University four years hence.

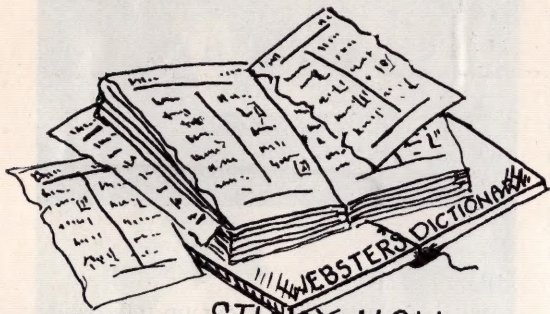




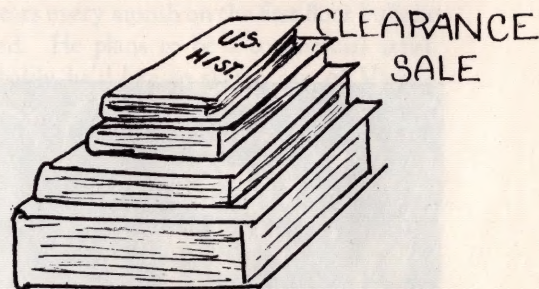
SCHOOL



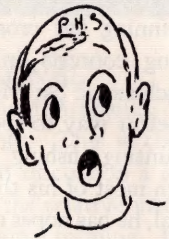
CENTER HALL
STAIRWAY



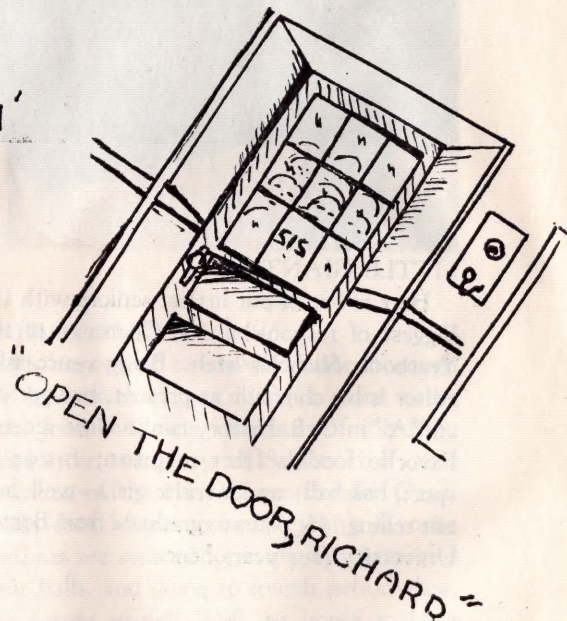
STUDY HALL
DILEMMA



SENIORS' AGONY—
HISTORY TEXT BOOKS

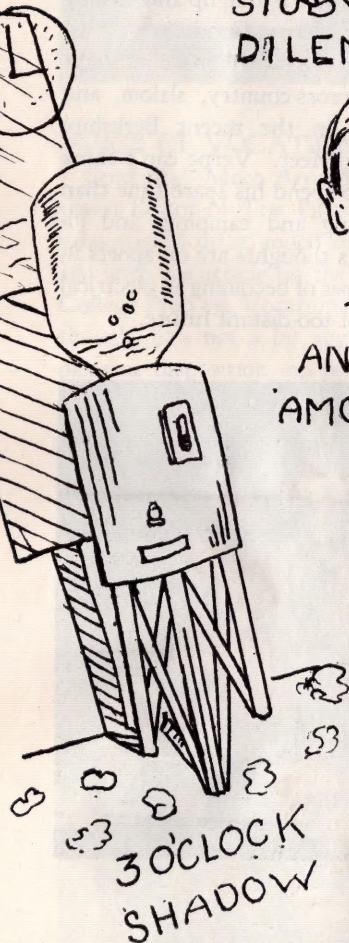


AN AWED 'SOPH'
AMONG IT ALL

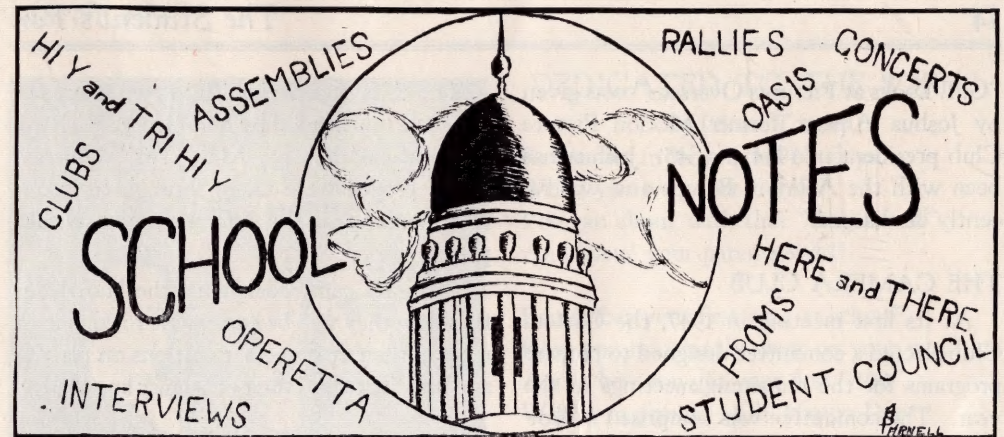


"OPEN THE DOOR, RICHARD"

by B. M. MOON



3 O'CLOCK
SHADOW



SENIOR CLASS NOTES

Angela Conti, chairman of the Picture Committee, and her committee are in full swing now taking orders and arranging appointments.

Constantino Barbas, chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee, has named Francis Curro as his assistant.

Nicholas Mele, chairman of the Yearbook, has named the following as his assistants:

- Class Will—Jack Macbeth
- Class History—Pauline Morsello
- Class Statistics—Barbara Peterson
- Girls' Sports—Patricia O'Hearn
- Boys' Sports—Charles Bordeau
- Photography—Marilyn Reder
- Dedication and Tribute—Priscilla Parsons
- Class Activities—Marsha Rosen
- Who's Who—Jacqueline Gagnier, Margaret Beahan
- Art—Bruce Brown

"ALL ABOARD FOR LIFE"

Each year about this time, there comes a Friday when several girls are absent from school. This is probably the weekend of the Older Girls' Conference. The date this year has been set for the 21st of March and is to be held at Wakefield, Massachusetts. In this town, which is about the size of Dalton, girls from Tri-Hi-Y Clubs all over the state will meet to swap ideas and good times and have fun in general. Forty registrations have been secured for Pittsfield's Tri-Hi-Y clubs and

according to reports everyone of them will be filled.

The theme of the conference is "All Aboard For Life" and all speakers and discussions will be based on this. Among the many activities of the conference, a dance is planned for Saturday night to which three hundred boys from surrounding towns are invited. All in all the conference is well worth while, and everyone who went last year will back this statement up.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club chose for January study "The Jolson Story", "Sister Kenny", and "Notorious". Myrtle Youngs guided the discussion of "The Jolson Story," which was rated at four stars. Likewise, Priscilla Parsons ably handled "Notorious", which gained favor at three stars.

The climax of the January meetings was reached, however, with a talk given by Mr. Frank Pierson, one of Pittsfield's oldest residents. Mr. Pierson's subject was "Old Theaters of Pittsfield". After his very interesting and informative lecture he answered several questions.

The movies selected for February were "Song of the South" and "Till the Clouds Roll By". "Song of the South" was debated and rated three stars, with Carol Wheeler as leader. "Sister Kenny", a carryover from January, was discussed by Joan Dennison, and also rated at three stars.

A very interesting commentary titled

"G. I. Looks at Pictures Overseas" was given by Joshua Alpern, former Motion Picture Club president in 1944 and '45. Joshua has been with the Army in Europe and was recently discharged.

THE CAMERA CLUB

At its first meeting in 1947, the Camera Club elected a committee designed to prepare programs for the remaining meetings in the year. The committee was comprised of Sanford Shepardson, Americo Contenta, John Stebbins, Carl Lunde, Aaron Thomas, Jean MacDonald, and Dorothy Ellis.

The more recent meetings have included two nights of picture taking and one meeting at which the pictures taken by members of club were developed. Jean Travers was secured as a model for the second of the picture taking gatherings. Lighting equipment was furnished at both meets by the more advanced members of the club. The pictures taken of Miss Travers are on display on the third floor.

The club again wishes to extend its invitation for new members.

PLASTICS TOUR

On January 31 and February 3 a tour of the General Electric Plastics, One Plastics Avenue was arranged by Mr. William Haylon, Public Relations Director of the General Electric Company, for the Retail Selling Class of Room 239 and their teacher, Miss Eileen Murphy.

On Friday, January 31, they were given interesting and very educational talks in the Conference Room at the plant, on plastics and its different fields by Mr. Donald McKenzie, sales manager; Mr. Robert Gibson, advertising manager; Mr. John Grove, retail marketing manager; and Mr. John Buckley, merchandising manager.

These talks prepared the girls for a better understanding of the plant itself, which they saw on a return trip Monday, February 3.

The class was divided into two groups of ten each, one headed by Mr. George Richardson and another by Mr. "Tex" Murray. These groups were taken through the plant in the order that the different processes take place.

The girls came back with the knowledge that now they will be better able to cope with most of their customers' questions on plastics and have increased their consumer knowledge.

ASSEMBLY

Through the courtesy of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, the high school was able to obtain on February 5 their speaker of the previous evening. It was certainly a fortunate opportunity for us to learn more about our south-of-the-border neighbors. By means of an excellent color film, Charles Weimer transported us to Cuba, Haiti, Panama, and Guatemala, showing us not only the important cities but the remote interior regions of these Central American republics.

COMING EVENTS

On April 7 comes Grace Wolpert Keen, actress and interpreter of current literature, with the story "I Remember Mama." This Broadway hit based on Kathryn Forbes' "Mama's Bank Account" gives a heart-warming picture of West Coast life at the turn of the century.

May brings us two assemblies. First, on the 8th, we have a color film "Our Mexican Neighbors" presented by Dr. Alson B. Keeler. Later, on the 29th, C. Thomas Magrum will climax the year's special programs by giving his demonstration-lecture, "It Can't Be Done". It is, as the name suggests, a magic show. During the war Mogrum, as a member of the United States Army, entertained throughout the European area. Now, as a civilian once more, he comes to baffle and mystify us.

DEDICATED TO THE SOPHS

By Lillian Torrero

Remember in those good ole days,
When you were just a child?
You ran about with that "Indian-yell",
And drove your parents wild!

Remember your first time at school?
How you reluctantly went on your way?
And when you got your first "100",
Were you proud?—Oh, Happy Day! !

Boys, remember your first long pants?
And girls, your new hair do?
It was then you knew you were growing up,
And your family knew it, too.

So now you're in this glorious school,
You're sophomores and you're glad!
But still you run loose through the corridors,
And drive all the teachers mad! !



MEET THE FACULTY

HELEN McNAUGHTON

Calling all boys! Calling all boys! At last we have solved the mystery of who is responsible for the poise and grace of your girl friends. We'd like to present Miss Helen McNaughton of the gym department, the one to whom a great part of the credit belongs.

Miss McNaughton graduated from Sargent College of Boston University. She first taught at the Girls' League, after which she went to Seton High School in Baltimore. Six years ago she came back to Pittsfield to teach at the high school (lucky school).

Her many likes include knitting, figure skating, and traveling; but top on the list is spending the summer at her cottage on the lake storing up energy for a terrific winter, energy which she certainly needs to handle the girls.

If you'd like to meet Miss McNaughton, just go down to the girls' gym where you will probably find her getting rid of some of that stored-up energy.

Mary: "The teacher would like to have you pay a little attention to this."

Jerry: "I am, as little as possible."

Joe: "Why are you changing those D's on your report card to B's?"

Moe: "My father told me I should try to improve my marks."

A sophomore was seen running around P. H. S. gleefully snapping pictures of every pretty girl he saw. Someone asked him where he got the film.

"I haven't any film," said the sophomore, "but it's lots of fun."

J. Crennan: "That's a very good joke. Why not put it in THE PEN?"

M. Weller: "I can't. That's where it came from."

H M. S. Pinafore

ON the evenings of January 30 and 31, the "H. M. S. Pinafore", piloted by Mr. F. Carl Gorman, docked at the P. H. S. auditorium for two successful performances. The Class of 1947 presented this Gilbert and Sullivan operetta which was making its second appearance at P. H. S. beginning again the cycle of nine operettas started in 1939.

The action of the story, which takes place on the quarterdeck of the "H. M. S. Pinafore" in Portsmouth Harbor, England, revolves around Ralph Rackstraw, a lowly sailor, and the lovely Josephine, the captain's daughter. Other important characters include Captain Corcoran, captain of the Pinafore; Sir Joseph Porter, K. C. B., Ruler of the Queen's Navy; Dick Deadeye, a disgruntled sailor with a wooden leg; Little Buttercup, a Portsmouth bumboat woman; and Hebe, Sir Joseph's first cousin.

The story tells of the seemingly hopeless love of Ralph for Josephine, whom he believes to be too far above his station. Ralph, however, is unaware of the fact that Josephine secretly loves him. To add to her grief, Josephine's father has promised her hand to the pompous Sir Joseph, whom she feels obligated to marry. In a chance meeting with Josephine on the deck, Ralph tells her of his love, but she rebukes him for his attitude although she secretly wishes she could reveal her love for him. When Sir Joseph arrives aboard the "Pinafore", Josephine repels his attentions. This angers the bombastic Sir Joseph, and he complains to Captain Corcoran of his daughter's indifference. Meanwhile, Ralph, despairing at his sad plight, determines to end his life. Just as he raises the revolver to his head, Josephine arrives on the scene and implores him not to kill himself because she loves him. Their plan to elope is overheard by the sinister Dick Deadeye, who decides to attempt to foil the elopement. Dick, whose

bitterness toward the whole world stems from the fact that he must wear a wooden leg, determines to tell the Captain of the lovers' plans as a means of spiting Ralph. Sir Joseph, erroneously believing that Josephine will not marry him because he is of such noble rank, explains to her that love levels all rank. Instead of producing the desired effect, this only serves to strengthen Josephine's determination to marry Ralph. That night as the lovers prepare to steal away, the Captain and Sir Joseph stand hidden on the deck watching them. At the appropriate moment Corcoran steps forth and demands to know what his daughter is doing with these lowly sailors. On hearing of Josephine's love for Ralph, Sir Joseph immediately orders Ralph thrown into irons despite vigorous protests from Josephine. After Ralph is dragged off, Buttercup halts the proceedings and explains that years ago when Ralph and the Captain were babies and she was their nurse, she mixed them up, therefore, making Ralph the Captain and Corcoran, a mere sailor. All ends well with Sir Joseph pairing off with Hebe, Corcoran with Buttercup, and Ralph with Josephine.

Those who so ably portrayed the characters were as follows: Ralph Rackstraw, Robert Perkins; Josephine, Carolyn Burt; Captain Corcoran, Anthony Gallo; Sir Joseph, John Horrigan; Dick Deadeye, Lauriston Gale; Little Buttercup, Elizabeth Jensen; and Hebe, Jean Munton. Some of the sailors included Allan Skole as Boatswain Bill Bobstay and Bruce Brown as Boatswain's Mate Bob Becket.

The story was delightful, the music lovely, and the cast and chorus excellent. Congratulations to Mr. Gorman, the orchestra, the members of the cast and chorus on a fine performance of "H. M. S. Pinafore."

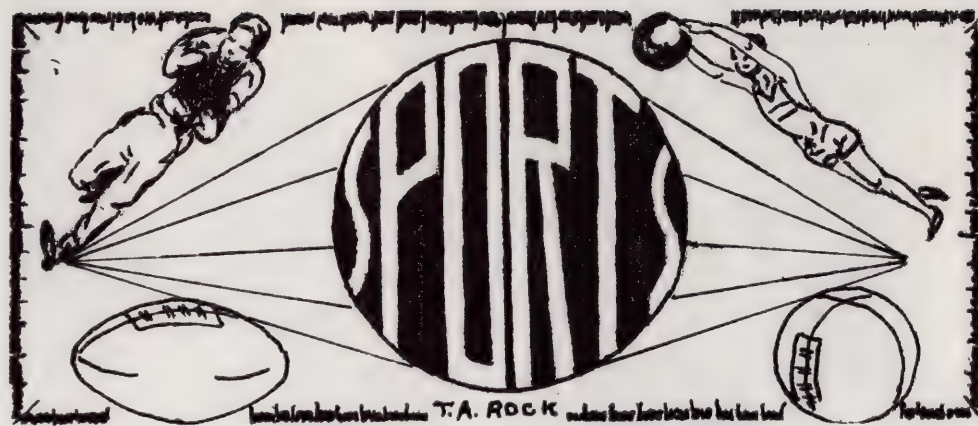
CAST AND CHORUS OF H. M. S. PINAFORE





PITTSFIELD HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL SQUAD

Front Row (left to right): Russo, Briggs, Pucko, Rocco, McMahon, Farrell, Carpenter.
Second Row: Seigel, Ass't. Manager, Snyder, Cauffman, Kasuba, A. Quadrozzi, Ditmar, Hayes, W. Quadrozzi, Bouchane, Manager.
Third Row: Coach Fox, Dalone, Archambeault, Petruzzella, Meledeo, Wood, J. V. Coach Hickey.



RECENT SCORES

Sacred Heart 31—P. H. S. 27
P. H. S. 41—Searles 37
P. H. S. 46—Searles 39
P. H. S. 42—St. Joseph 37

P. H. S. OVER DRURY, 51—38

By James Dillon

Displaying the most dazzling exhibition of shooting that Pittsfield High basketball fans have seen this year, the Quadrozzi Brothers, Inc. took things into their own hands on February 12, and exploding half-way through the third period, proceeded to eliminate Drury High as North Berkshire title contenders.

After Hank Serre's basket had given the Tunnel City five a one-point lead shortly following halftime, the Foxmen turned on the heat with a sizzling ten-point chain, which featured two baskets each by "Arm" Quadrozzi and Don Kasuba, and a fifth by Armand's forecourt running-mate and "little" brother, Bobo. So quickly did this drive come, that three of the hoops were scored within the short space of fifteen seconds—two of these by Kasuba and the other by A. Quadrozzi. The score at the end of the third quarter read: P. H. S. 40—Drury 30.

Drury used its height to little advantage, and although Art Ditmar was put on the shelf late in the opening stanza because of four

personal fouls, he and Kasuba literally owned the backboards while they were in the game.

The aggressive Hayes broke up Drury's fast break and "bucket" tactics repeatedly, and he, along with Buddy Cauffman, was responsible for the setting up of most of the winners' plays. Incidentally, Bus's basket and three foul shots all came in the opening quarter, in which he scored five of Pittsfield's nine points.

Captain Quadrozzi's 23 markers boosted his league total to 180 points in eleven contests. His brother Bill scored 16, which gave him the sum of 24 for the last two games.

Bill Prevey, Drury's fleet Senior forward, had the amazing record of 10 for 10 at the foul line, besides getting 4 clever baskets. Fran Cordillo, star of the first meeting of these two clubs, was used sparingly, and failed to score in the few minutes in which he did see action.

PITTSFIELD 47—ADAMS 31

By Charles Bordeau

In a contest to which counterfeiting, window-breaking, and scalping were used as methods of gaining admission, Pittsfield High obtained top position in the Northern Berkshire League by beating Adams 47 to 31, February 7.

The first period gave indications that the game would be as closely fought as its build-up had suggested, and ended with the score



Pittsfield 10—Adams 8. However, the second period was not so close as the first. Bus Hayes, dependable P. H. S. guard, played an important part in the systematic breaking up of the Adams offensive passing. With good intercepting, apt backboard coverage, and the brilliant shooting of the Quadrozzi brothers, Captain Armand and sophomore Bobo, Pittsfield sprang to a half time lead of 10 points.

The men most responsible for Adams' previous success, Roy Gagnon and Bob Bellevue, opened the second half with a basket each to cut the lead to six points. However, indispensable Art Ditmar showed the way to the Pittsfield boys by scoring five consecutive points, and Armand Quadrozzi followed with a basket.

With Bud Cauffman and Art Ditmar checking Bellevue and Gagnon effectively, Pittsfield withdrew from the danger point and calmly moved into their new first place position. Coach Fox's boys dealt Adams the first defeat that team has suffered at the hands of their ex-coach. Bill Dalone, sub-forward, added insult to injury by completing the scoring against his former classmates with a floor goal. The final was Pittsfield 47—Adams 31.

Captain Armand Quadrozzi had 20 points on 10 baskets. His brother, Bobo, had 8. Art Ditmar surprised his most ardent Pittsfield admirers with his excellent coverages on both the backboards and Ray Gagnon, the League's leading scorer. Art outscored Gagnon 11 to 10. Although hampered by a back injury, Don Kasuba had 6 points. Bus Hayes contributed 6 assists to the P. H. S. cause besides breaking up many Adams plays. Bud Cauffman did a good job of holding Bob Bellevue to 8 points.

PITTSFIELD 55—DRURY 49

By Charles Bordeau

Facing a half time deficit of six points, Pittsfield High basketball team put on a fine display of masterful passing, accurate floor

and foul shooting, and a neat defensive method in defeating Drury 55-49 at the State Armory in North Adams, February 1.

Pittsfield struck first in the opening period, displaying its fast weaving passive attack and soon mounting to a 8 to 2 lead. Drury, however, putting on a deceiving breaking offensive overcame Pittsfield's lead and held a nine point advantage in the middle of the second period. Through the efforts of center, Art Ditmar, who had three baskets in this period, Pittsfield lessened the Drury lead to 30-24 at half time.

In the third period Armand Quadrozzi began to score with deadly accuracy. His third free try of the period knotted the score at 38 all with 45 seconds left in the third quarter. Don Kasuba's side pivot shot put Pittsfield ahead. In the final quarter Quadrozzi and Ditmar opened the scoring, but Donnie Kasuba's four last period baskets were the big factors in Pittsfield's maintaining its lead. The final score was P. H. S. 55—Drury 49.

Art Ditmar was high scorer with 17 points. Captain Quadrozzi had 16 points. Donnie Kasuba returned as a potent scorer with 14 points. Bud Cauffman, who had three important foul shots in the third period, had 6 points. Bud Hayes led the assist column with four.

PITTSFIELD 39—WILLIAMSTOWN 32

The annoying push, set, and flip shots of the Williamstown High basketball team caused Pittsfield High much trouble in its seven point victory at Mitchell Gym, January 28.

Williamstown, proud possessor of the only victory over a previously undefeated Adams, and star-studded with veterans, provided an accurate demonstration of court knowledge in gaining an 8 to 0 first period. King, Williamstown center, made two lengthy push shots in this drive. Pittsfield, however, taking advantage of its height,

monopolized the backboards in the second period and scored 16 points to take a two point lead at the half. Art Ditmar's persistent follow-up provided the necessary points as long pushes and sets fell short.

The third period was marked by loose ball handling, with Williamstown getting the better of the situation with accurate shooting by Bill Danaher and Joe Como. "Bud" Cauffman's recovery of loose balls and long rebounds helped keep Pittsfield up with their opponents. Captain Quadrozzi's shooting, which was assisted by Donnie Kasuba's clever ball handling, was the instrument by which P. H. S. maintained a 26-26 third period tie. Before a minute of the closing period had passed, Quadrozzi, Ditmar, and Hayes had struck with baskets to give P. H. S. a six-point advantage. Throughout the period, the College Town team was unable to get within 4 points of Pittsfield.

Art Ditmar was high scorer with 16 points, followed by Armand Quadrozzi with 14. Bus Hayes had six besides doing a remarkable cover job on Danaher. Of Williamstown's 14 baskets, only 2 were on lay ups, and Bill Danaher with 10 points had both of them.

PITTSFIELD 52—BENNINGTON 32

By Charles Bordeau

Seeking compensation and revenge for a defeat suffered earlier in the season, the Pittsfield High basketball team displayed some of the most intelligent ball handling of the current season in defeating Bennington 52 to 32 at the Armory, January 24.

Striking smooth and fast, P. H. S. obtained a six point lead at the opening of the contest. Bennington, recovering from this fast-breaking assault and led by the sharp shooting of Dan Morrissey, moved to within one point of a tie. Pittsfield, however, led at the quarter 12 to 8 and at the half 21 to 15.

In the third period things began to click for our boys. Kasuba, Ditmar, and "Bud"

Cauffman were given deeds to the backboards, their coverage was so complete. Armand "Whish" Quadrozzi broke into a rash of points. He piled up seven baskets in the second half to add to the eleven points he gathered in the first. In setting a new seasonal scoring record, the capable Pittsfield High captain proved his point getting was not the result of selfishness, but knowledge of the game, accurate shooting and clever dribbling. He scored on more than half his attempts and had four assists, which is unusual for a man in his position. When the Pittsfield regulars left the game in the fourth period, Armand had outscored the entire highly-rated Bennington team. The score was Pittsfield 51—Bennington 24. The Vermonters outplayed the reserves 8 to 1. The final score was 52 to 32.

Besides Quadrozzi's 25 points, "Art" Ditmar had 14; Donnie Kasuba, 8; Bus Hayes and Peter Snyder had 2. Morrissey had 11 for Bennington.

PITTSFIELD ROMPS OVER DALTON

By Jim Dillon

Rebounding from their narrow escape on the previous Friday in North Adams, P. H. S. easily handed Dalton High its seventh straight defeat at the Dalton Community House on January 21. The contest marked the fifth time in six league games that Armand Quadrozzi had hit double figures, and the third time for Art Ditmar. The work wasn't done by Armand and Art alone, however, as Don Kasuba was Pittsfield's principal ball hawk, controlling both backboards most of the time.

The hapless Papertowners were caught flat-footed as the Foxmen hung up a first-quarter score of 9-0, and the fans who made the trip from Pittsfield were dreaming of a shutout. That is, until Ronny Conrow scored with minutes left in the second frame.

So sharp was Quadrozzi's eye that in the first half he sank four consecutive long-set

GIRLS' SPORTS

MAY PREVIEW

By Patricia O'Hearn

Practice for the Physical Training demonstration which is scheduled to be held in May is well underway. Not since the beginning of the war have the public and school been privileged to see a gym demonstration given by all classes, both girls and boys.

Open house will be held at night in the gym, and the program will include dances, exercises, tumbling, and apparatus work. As an added attraction, tentative plans are being made for special costumes for the different acts.

BASKETBALL

Girls as well as boys go out eagerly for basketball, as shown by the ninety girls who are playing in the Round Robin Tournament which takes place after school in the gym. Each team consists of ten girls who are a combination of all three classes. They work smoothly together, trying arduously to bring their team to victory in all eight games of the tournament.

After six weeks of the Round Robin, the inter-class teams will be chosen and the final tournament will be played off with each class team striving for the championship.

BOWLING

Scores of seniors, juniors, and sophomores are now seen rushing out after school to the Pastime Bowling Alleys where teams of five girls bowl for individual and team honors.

So far top honors in individual scoring go to Betty Bianchi, who has hit the high mark with 124 and 109. Close at her heels is Barbara Helliwell, whose high was 105. Mildred Barnes and Joan Mullaney are next, both with 101.

shots before missing one. His total for the night was 17 points and Ditmar's was 15. Following them in the scoring column came Marny Wood with 3, and Kasuba, Hayes, and Cauffman with 2 apiece. Jack Cooney with 5, and Conrow with 4 markers were the best part of Dalton's feeble attack.

P. H. S. WINS IN OVERTIME

By Jim Dillon

In a rafter-ringing contest which wasn't decided until Buddy Cauffman had sunk a free try with but a minute left in overtime, Pittsfield High barely nosed out a St. Joseph's of North Adams outfit on January 17 at the Drury High School gym. After being completely outclassed by their smaller opponents in the first half, P. H. S. fought back to score 11 points in the third quarter, while holding St. Joe to a single foul shot. Going into the final canto with a 3 point lead, Pittsfield appeared to have the situation well in hand, but the Tunnel City boys rallied and tied it up on a push shot by "Sonny" Bourdon with just a few seconds remaining in the ball game. In the overtime, foul shots by "Bo" Quadrozzi and Cauffman outmatched one by Bourdon, and the final score read: P. H. S. 23—St. Joe 22.

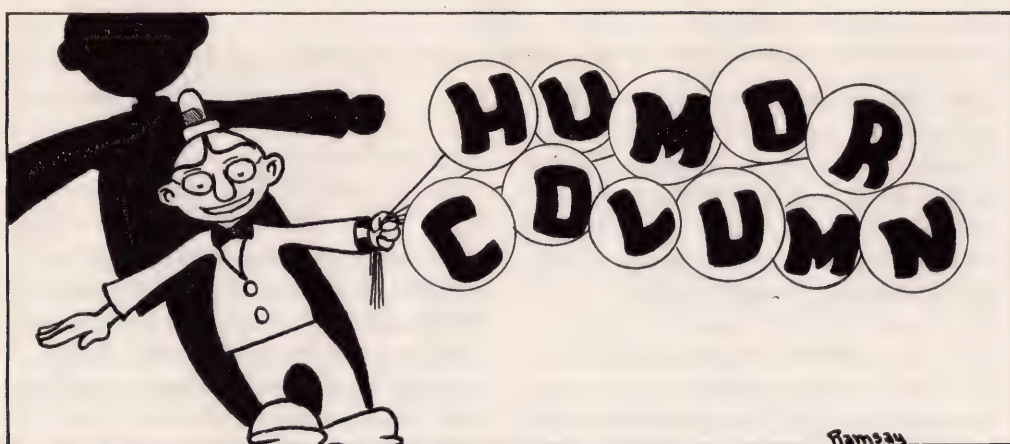
Armand Quadrozzi played stellar ball for the victors besides gathering 11 markers, and his brother, Bill gave a creditable account in a reserve role. For St. Joe, Bourdon and Lewitt did most of the scoring, getting 13 and 7 points, respectively.

Mr. Leahy pointing to a young lady asked, "Identify this formula, HNO."

C. Komunieki: "Er, ah, I've got it right on the tip of my tongue."

Mr. Leahy: "In that case you'd better get rid of it, girl. It's nitric acid."

Please don't use the traffic officer near Room 142 as a "pole" to swing around the corner.



Armand LaSorsa: "I shot my dog yesterday."

Edwin Maska: "Was he mad?"

Armand La Sorsa: "Well, he wasn't very pleased about it!"

Mr. Geary: "Well class, by now you should know that when expressing a term you should always put the numerical coefficient first—I hope you understand. Mr. Everhart, will you please read the answer to the next problem."

Bill: " $x^5/0$."

Mr. Geary: "What have I continually told you to lead with?"

Bill: "Your right."

In a music appreciation class the final portion of the William Tell overture was being played.

"Now, what's the name of the piece and who wrote it?" asked Mr. Gorman.

A voice from the back room: "The Lone Ranger, by Cherrio."

On a certain U. S. History test, the pupil meant to say, "John Brown killed, in cold blood, five men who were sleeping." Instead he wrote, "John Brown killed five men who were sleeping in cold blood." Miss Kaliher wrote on the paper, "What an awful way to sleep."

Mr. McMahon: "Did you ever take chloroform?"

Billy Pires: "No, who teaches it?"

Mother: Johnny, will you define the word "appetite"?

Johnny: When you're eating you're 'appy; and when you get through you're tight. That's appetite.

Miss Morse: "Have you kept up with your studies?"

"Otto" Kearns: "Yes, but I haven't passed them."

Claire: "A mouse ran out of my stove last night."

Alma: "Why didn't you shoot it?"

Claire: "It was out of my range."

Have you heard why Richard can't open the door???

Because he's a Harvard man and the door has a Yale lock on it.

Mr. Conroy: "How in the world do you make up your jokes?"

Nancy May: "I sit down and laugh, then think backwards."



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Mac: Mon, it's fine, but the wee light is hard to read by.

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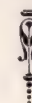
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Caddie (disgusted): What game was that?

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